UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

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Military Training in Schools and Colleges

By ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY

Einstein, Eddington and Jeans: Is Science Vindicating Religion?—*Part I*

By JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

A Church Leader: Rabbi Henry Cohen

By ROSELLA HOROWITZ

Thoughts of Tolstoy

PART XX

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Contents

Page

EDITORIAL—
Notes 67
Military Training in Schools and Colleges—ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY 69
Jottings.—J. H. H. 70

ARTICLES—
Einstein, Eddington and Jeans: Is Science Vindicating Religion? Part I.—JOHN HAYNES HOLMES 71
Ten Church Leaders: IX. Rabbi Henry Cohen—ROSELLA HOROWITZ 72
Thoughts of Tolstoy—Part XX 76
Kaleidoscope—H. S. N. 77

POETRY—
The Call to Action!—*Bombay Congress Bulletin* 67
Trumpets on New Horizons:
Re-Creation—MADELINE F. DYER 75
The Way of the Gods—STANTON A. COBLENTZ 75
Perfection—RUTH FARGO 75
Beaten—JEANNETTE SLOCOMB EDWARDS 75

THE STUDY TABLE—
The Spirit of India—JOHN HAYNES HOLMES 78
The Negro in American Civilization—CURTIS W. REESE 78
Herr Feuchtwanger Again—RAYMOND B. BRAGG 78

CORRESPONDENCE—
Why Not Soviet Goods in U. S.?—ALICE STONE BLACKWELL 79
From Tom Mooney 79
India—DALJIT SINGH SADHARIA 79

THE FIELD—
Gandhi's Message to the Readers of His Paper on Occasion of His Release from Jail 66
Anna Garlin Spencer—MRS. FELIX ADLER 66
End War—War Resisters' League 80
Books Received 80

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

Gandhi's Message to the Readers of His Paper on the Occasion of His Release From Jail

[Supplement to *Young India,* Vol. XIII. No. 6. 5-2-'31]

To the Reader:

In renewing your acquaintance after so many months I feel within me a glow of pleasure that under the greatest difficulty the paper has continued publication. I had told my co-workers that in the event of suppression by the authorities the papers should continue publication even though it was a hand-written sheet multiplied to the extent of volunteers coming up to make copies. Where there is perfect coordination and willingness copies can be thus multiplied without end and no printing press in the world can compete with such an effort. But I know that this is true only in theory. In practice one does not find that willingness. But nothing is impossible for *Ahimsa* or active unadulterated love. It surmounts all difficulties. My companions have chosen an effective though in my opinion a method less in keeping with the spirit of *Ahimsa* and Truth which know no secrecy. But I do not judge them. On the contrary their organizing ability has commanded my admiration and respect. I do not yet know how over seven thousand copies are being issued with such regularity. I must content myself with thinking of the invisible helpers and the numerous readers who have continued their association with *Young India.* In renewing contact with the readers through these sheets let me redeclare my faith.

Over eight months' contemplation in solitude has, if possible, increased my faith in Truth and *Ahimsa.* At the risk of incurring ridicule I repeat what I have said so often that voluntary universal adoption of *Khaddar* with all its vast implications means *Purna Swaraj* and that civil disobedience becomes a necessary duty only because *Khaddar* has not yet obtained the hold it should. But of all this hereafter.

M. K. GANDHI

Allahabad, Jan. 2, 1931

Anna Garlin Spencer

A Memorial Tribute

By Mrs. Felix Adler

The summer of 1876 it was when I first met Anna Garlin. A young girl of seventeen I was spending the summer in the Catskill Mountains with my parents when I first saw her and her sister. From that time our acquaintance ripened into friendship and my love and admiration have lasted until the present moment, when I feel that we have not lost her but only appreciate more deeply and live more closely with her worth and her influence.

Anna Garlin when I met her was a girl of unusual charm, a dainty, delicate creature, small in stature but even then with an unmistakable dignity and poise. She was just beginning her literary career, writing for the *Providence*

(*Continued on page* 80)

UNITY

"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"

VOLUME CVII MONDAY, MARCH 30, 1931 NUMBER 5

THE CALL TO ACTION!

[An Indian Revolutionary Song]

Alas, the Motherland mourns,
A garden dry and bare,
The very skies are bleak and blank
With terrible despair,
It is no time to sit and dream,
It is time to do and dare.

Lift up the banner proud and high,
And plant it in your soul,
For no more shall an alien hold,
Our Country in control,
And nought shall dare again to come,
Between us and our Goal.

Bombay Congress Bulletin
(January 29, 1931)

One year ago at this writing Mahatma Gandhi and seventy-odd followers marched to Dandi to make salt in defiance of English law in India. It was at this point of salt-making that Gandhi chose to declare the independence of his people from British rule. In due course he was arrested and for eight months languished in prison. Today the Mahatma has made a second march to Dandi and repeated in every minutest particular his salt-making of a year ago. This time he was not arrested, but allowed as a free man to break the English salt monopoly. Now do we see why Gandhi in his truce with Lord Irwin was willing to sacrifice so much for the sake of securing this agreement to permit the Indians to make salt? He saw all along the chance to dramatize in the face and eyes of India and the world the transformation that has come over the Indian situation in a single year. Independence? Gandhi chooses to test progress toward this goal in terms of salt, and by showing that the salt-making which was forbidden yesterday is free today, to show how fast and far the land has moved toward its goal of liberty. This is no matter of words and phrases, unintelligible to the masses of a population who cannot read and write. This is a matter of action and life at the point where the Indian people have suffered most. Highly-educated extremists, thousands of miles away from the scene of struggle, may laugh and sneer. But the Indian people understand—*they see their freedom actually begun!* Just here is a part, and an important part, of the genius of the Mahatma—his ability to dramatize his cause. In his own life of utter simplicity and sacrifice, he objectifies the discipline, devotion and dedication which he would commend to other men. In his march to Dandi, twice performed, he presents the pageant of fight and victory. While such a man controls the destiny of his country, its triumph is sure.

The grand political upheaval in New York City has its amusing as well as its tragic features. The professional cynic can find abundant material in the situation to suit his purposes. Thus, for months the community has been lying apathetic, with all, or at least most, of the things now causing such rumpus perfectly well known. There has been no doubt in anybody's mind for years that the old Tammany has come back and under "Jimmie" Walker's comic guidance has been profiting from the usual corruption and graft. Yet nobody has gotten excited or been particularly outraged. It has been pitiful to see the gallant Socialists indicting the administration with facts, facts, facts, and no result. Reform organizations like the City Affairs Committee have published report after report, with little effect of any kind. But now, when by some chance it has become at once popular and safe to atack Tammany, everybody is joining in! Take the churches, for example—the New York Federation of Churches, to be specific! For months they have been sleeping and snoring. Nothing has sufficed to stir them into action or even attention. But now, with the tide of public wrath sweeping like a flood against the Wigwam, the churches suddenly wake up and become bravely militant. Men like Miller, Keigwin, Stockdale, silent as clams during all this time when hard-pressed reformers have desperately needed aid, are now all at once strenuously vocal. My, how heroic they are, these leaders of Christianity, when it is popular to be Christian! It is to laugh. And it also is to weep. For why should not the forces of righteousness be always quick and eager for the fray? Why should they wait until it is popular, respectable and easy to speak and act? James Russell Lowell was right—

They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

The conference of the Progressives, held some two weeks ago in Washington, was a serious affair.

As an attempt to find the common mind of those who, in Senator Norris's phrase, "think things are wrong and that something should be done about it," and to work out a program for their common action, it was well worth while. But so far as actual political results are concerned, we confess to a feeling of utter futility as regards the whole business. The *Herald Tribune,* perhaps with conscious malice, printed a list of all those registered as delegates at the conference. It was a noble array of names—a "who's who of the kingdom of God," as someone said of another gathering of this sort. It must have done the heart good just to be present in such a group of the spiritually elect. But apart from such senators as Norris and Borah and La Follette, there wasn't a man or woman present who could control an election district or swing a hundred votes. Some of the attendants have been active in progressive agitation for three or four decades, and have yet to win their first victories. This is not to reproach these excellent and frequently heroic persons. It is no discredit in this world to serve to the end as a member of minority groups. It is simply to face the fact that the best minds and spirits in America today are utterly alien to existing political power, and—what is infinitely worse!—have no real contacts with the fumbling consciousness of the common people. Personally we are getting tired of little select groups of the intelligentsia getting together to formulate their own abstract and sterile ideas, and then going home as though a piece of work were done. When are we going to mingle with the folks, meet the people where they are, and seek in their own ranks the leadership they need?

If the party system is necessary to democracy, to what extent is this fact an indictment of democracy? Certainly, the party system is working sad havoc in our time, and seems to be in sight, at least, of ending everything that is decent and effective in our politics. Take the situation in New York, for example! The government of the city has broken down in one vast collapse of corruption and dishonor. The legislature of the state is charged under the law with responsibility for inquiry and restoration of the ordered administration of public affairs. Yet no attention is being paid at Albany to this serious crisis in the life of the largest and richest municipality in America. All that is being thought about is the political bearing of the situation upon the two great parties struggling as ever to gain and hold control of government. Democrats and Republicans wrangle and bargain and jockey for position, while a people perishes. The same thing is true of Washington, as illustrated by the last session of Congress. It would seem as though industrial disaster, widespread unemployment, misery and distress everywhere, would challenge representatives and senators to some heroic, independent and statesmanlike endeavor to serve and save the state. But so far as we can make out, all that was thought about in Washington these last few months, apart from a few progressive leaders in the two houses, was the presidential election of 1932, and what could be done to serve partisan advantage in this forthcoming struggle for the highest political prize in the nation's life. Democrats and Republicans outdid one another in this sordid game. If this is all democracy means, a perpetual conflict of two utterly selfish party machines for the spoils of office, what hope is there for the future of the republic? Is not such a situation the very thing that justifies a Mussolini in Italy and a Mosley in England? Unless politics are redeemed from party, is not democracy sure to fail?

What means the determination of the State Department to make a study of Soviet Russia? Is it actually so ignorant of affairs in this great country that it must now seek information? What is it going to do—read some of the excellent books now easily available on the subject, or perhaps have a few interviews with men like Maurice Hindus, Louis Fischer, and Sherwood Eddy? Or will the Department send some investigators to Russia itself, and, if so, how will these men be received by the Bolshevik authorities? This whole matter of procedure is interesting. So is the aim or purpose of the study. Is the State Department proposing to gather some so-called information to be used as ammunition in a new bombardment of the Soviet stronghold—the kind of thing abroad that the Fish Committee tried here at home? Or is this new policy an expedient devised to enable the government to save its face in the matter of recognizing the existence of the Soviets after all these years of silly ignorance? We know nothing about the matter at all—have not a scrap of information other than that which we pick up in the newspapers! But our guess is that recognition is now definitely on the way. Had not Senator Borah received a "tip" to this effect when he made his notable speech in the Senate, in the closing days of the late session, in favor of recognition? Is not this why he spoke? We do not know. But our surmise is strong, as based on general grounds, that the United States has found it impossible any longer to live in a world which has no Russia in it. After all, there comes a time when one simply *has* to face reality. This country has tried desperately hard to fool itself into the conviction that Russia does not exist. But at a time when the Five Year Plan is the one biggest economic fact in contemporary history, the attempt has necessarily failed. Congratulations to Secretary Stimson for being sensible at last!

The Dayton (Tennessee) disease has broken out in Perth Amboy (New Jersey). A Lutheran pastor has become excited over evolution, and has actually succeeded in having a text-book referring to the damning doctrine cast out of the public schools. This zealous clergyman has the courage of his convictions. He declares that he has read everything on the subject, and knows that Darwin's ideas are as false as they are wicked. A monkey is a monkey, and a man is a man —and that's that! Meanwhile, he has won the enthusiastic support of his fellow townsmen, and the text-book has had to go. But in the same week that this mania of orthodoxy broke out in New Jersey, there appeared on all the bookstalls of the country H. G. Wells's stupendous volumes, "The Science of Life," This work, written in collaboration with Julian Huxley and Wells's own son, G. P. Wells, does not mince matters in regard to evolution. After a brilliant statement of the evidence, running over many pages, Wells declares that, on any basis of truth as the human intellect finds and knows it, the idea of evolution must be regarded as a demonstrated proposition.

> All these facts (he writes) are inexplicable on any theory of special creation. Save evolution, no rational explanation of them has ever been put forward; and on the evolutionary view not only are they explicable, but full of meaning.

Inasmuch as "The Science of Life" will have a popular reading second only to that of its famous predecessor, "The Outline of History," we wonder if the time has not come to put the evolution controversy definitely on the shelf. To keep on debating it seems as foolish as it would be to keep on debating the Copernican system of the universe, or the medical theory of germ-disease. However limited the aspects of fundamental knowledge, there still remain some things which must be regarded as true as a condition of all thought. One of these things is evolution!

Military Training in Schools and Colleges

The most important task that is before mankind is the organization of the world for peaceful settlement of international differences. It is true that practically all the nations of the world have signed a solemn agreement not to resort to war in the settlement of disputes. The war policy has been made illegal. In popular parlance we have outlawed war. This is a step and a long, long step toward sanity.

But the mere outlawing of war is not enough. Casting out the devil is only the beginning. The institutions of peace must take the place of those of war. If legal institutions functioning for peace had been in existence in 1914, who knows what might have been averted. They did not exist. The evidence is overwhelming that the military authorities were ready and eager to offer their means of solution of the problem.

It seems obvious that if we maintain the instruments of war and fail to provide the instruments of peace, we are laying a sound foundation for those who argue the inevitability of war.

The very existence of the Army and Navy, Militia, Officers Reserve Corps, Military Training in schools and colleges, forts, arsenals, etc., is *prima facie* evidence that we do not consider the Kellogg Peace Pact a very sacred piece of paper. All these agencies of war say in effect war is going to come anyway. We are prepared or are preparing for it.

Instruments of peace are by their very nature international. They are not spectacular. They are remote from the eyes of the people. Judicial decisions are made in the quiet of a courtroom. International Commissions work in libraries and secluded committee rooms—Washington and London Conferences hold the head lines for a day or a week and are then forgotten as their results become a part of the everyday life of humanity. On the theory that if a man bites a dog it is news, but if a dog bites a man it is not news, substantial gains in the direction of world peace are attained almost unheralded by the popular press.

Because of the constant emphasis on Army and Fleet maneuver, on war airplane flights, Military Training camps, speeches of military men and the hulla-baloo of Security leagues, the public is led to believe that war is inevitable. A study of the causes and events leading up to the Great War reveals the indisputable fact that the issue of war or peace in 1914 lay in the hands not of some impenetrable mystery but in the hands of stupid and ambitious men. But such a study is not made by the great mass of the people. They still believe that sinister and hidden forces, something inherent in human nature, made the war. They echo without thought the dictums of military men "Man is a fighting animal," "It is human nature to fight" and "as long as human nature (and you cannot change human nature) is as it is we will have wars."

With such ideas being instilled into the minds of every generation it becomes exceedingly difficult to make people believe that the Kellogg Pact is more than a scrap of paper. It is to be admitted that the Pact has meaning and power only as people believe it has. Its force is the force of public opinion.

The teaching of the youth of the land that war is inevitable only tends to make it so. It also tends to make the creation of the instruments of peace more difficult. The wars of the past century were wars that were willed by selfish and designing men. It is to be

noted that (for the most part) all men who willed wars to be, did not do the fighting.

It is because of the teaching that war is inevitable that military training in schools and colleges ought to be utterly abolished. There seems to be absolutely no defense of its compulsory features. Conscription of mere youth in high schools and colleges, the forcible induction into army life (even if it is only for a few hours a day) of those whom the state treats as incompetents in civil affairs cannot be defended on the basis of reason or logic.

Military training in schools or colleges, compulsory or voluntary, is not to make soldiers. It is absurd to think that the tactics of the campus drill field is a preparation for that "inevitable war." It is generally admitted that as a means of making soldiers it is a farce. It does, of course, in so far as it accustoms men to instant and unquestioned obedience, unfit them for citizenship. Army training is not training for life in a democracy.

But the "next war"—if it comes—will not be fought by men massed in large units, trained to move in uniform columns, but rather by men trained to think and act on their own initiative.

Military training is, by the confession of its advocates (although they seldom use these plain words), propaganda for war. The text books used in the R. O. T. C. courses in our colleges and schools definitely teach this inevitability of war. They even go so far as to say that war is in accordance with Divine Law. "We live in a world governed by Divine Laws which we can neither alter nor evade. And in this world of ours, force is the ultimate power." "The mainsprings of human action are self-preservation and self-interest (in a word, selfishness), the touch of nature that makes the world kin." These quotations are from R. O. T. C. manuals.

Prof. Francis I. Moats, of Simpson College, Iowa, an officer in the World War, testified at the anti-compulsory military hearing before a Committee of the Iowa Legislature, that the boys who had been in military training camps were unanimous in believing that another war is inevitable.

Fred Bierman, a former district legion commander, testified at this same hearing:

> Compulsory training is worse than worthless because it is deceiving. It teaches falsely as to what war is. We should not teach anything at state institutions except the truth.

This testimony applies to military training, compulsory or voluntary. There can be nothing more false than the teaching that war is inevitable.

Christopher Morley wrote in "The Haunted Bookshop":

> You see those children going down the street to school? Peace lies in their hands. When they are taught in school that war is the most loathsome scourge humanity is subject to, that it besmirches and fouls every lovely occupation of the mortal spirit, then there may be some hope for the future. But I'd like to bet that they are having it drilled into them that war is a glorious and noble sacrifice.

The sad part is that the Government of the United States through its War Department is doing its best to make this bet a good one. In 278 government aided schools and colleges military training is maintained. Besides these are many schools giving this training which do not receive this aid. These youths are not only deceived as to war being noble and glorious, but also as to its inevitability.

If we are to make the Kellogg Peace Pact effective, if we are to establish on a firm foundation the instruments of peace, we must teach the children of this and coming generations that of all the lies ever concocted by the Prince of Liars, the most cruel and wicked is that war is inevitable.

ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY.

Jottings

We offer the following for a Pulitzer Prize for understatement:

> "Every one knows that government is not perfect. Almost every one suspects that it will not be made perfect for some time."—Calvin Coolidge.

The Progressives have now joined the Republicans and Democrats in refusing to take a stand on Prohibition. There would seem to be a few "dry" votes in this country still to be afraid of!

The Holy Bible has been banished from Russia. "It is anti-Socialist," says a Bolshevik official, "and against the Soviets." This confirms a suspicion we have always had that the Communists have never read the Bible. Against the Soviets? Let them read Acts 2:44 and 4:32!

We must be patient in this matter of naval disarmament. It wasn't so long ago that the nations were all building wildly in competition with one another. Now we have got to the point where they are agreeing to build *up* to a common standard. Some day will come the time when they will agree to build *down* to a common standard.

Mr. H. G. Wells's new book, "The Science of Life," runs to two volumes, 1514 pages, 750,000 words. It represents the work of five years, but in this time

the author has written at least four other books of something more than minor importance. Has the world seen anything like this since Sir Walter Scott wrote "Peveril of the Peak," "Quentin Durward," and "St. Ronan's Well" in a single year (1823)?

Have you ever sat by the stove and waited for a cold sauce-pan of water to come to a boil? And after waiting, waiting, have seen it boil so suddenly that the seething water pours out of the pan into the fire? Well, that's what is happening in New York City!

J. H. H.

Einstein, Eddington and Jeans: Is Science Vindicating Religion?

I

Albert Einstein, whether or not his ideas prove in the end to be absolutely sound, is the greatest intellectual genius in the world today. Bernard Shaw, much more given to praising himself than other men, has said that Einstein is the greatest man now alive among us, and one of the eight men in history who rank as "makers of the universe." Certainly of all the leaders of thought in our generation, this man would seem to be the surest of immortality. Just what he has done there are few of us competent to say. But we know that he has recharted the pathways of the stars, transfigured the topography of heaven, and reconceived the nature of time and space.

What particularly attracts me to Einstein at this moment is a certain universality of genius, a certain catholicity of interest and sympathy. Remote from the world in his laboratory and study, he is yet in the world in his identification of his life with the lives of other men. Thus he never forgets that he is a Jew, and that his fame and fortune must be used in the service of his people wherever they are miserable and oppressed. As a Jew, also, he is a Zionist, and characteristically devoted his first public utterance in this city to the cause of Zion. As a citizen who endured the horrors of the Great War, he hates war with a perfect hatred as an intrusion upon the higher interests of the race, and never loses an opportunity to denounce it and to labor for its extinction. Finally, as a man, he is interested in religion as one of the major elements of human experience, and has made some of the most significant statements on religion that our time has heard. It is these statements with which I am concerned this morning as an introduction to my theme. I ask you to consider with me the words of a scientist who has found it not inconsistent with his ideals to speak reverently and sympathetically of the deep things of the spirit.

In his most recent and illuminating utterance on this subject, Einstein begins by pointing out that everything that men do or think has relation to the satisfaction of their needs as living creatures. Every phenomenon of human life has its origin in some feeling or emotion. There are certain inward reactions, in other words, which have brought mankind to religion as well as to everything else. It is from this standpoint that Einstein traces the development of three periods in the religious history of man.

Among primitive peoples, religion had its beginning in fear—the fear of hunger, of wild animals, of storms and floods, of illness and death. In early times, of course, men had no understanding of the causal connections between phenomena. When a thing happened, they believed it was the deed of some personality, or spirit, existing outside themselves—in the skies, or in the sea, or in the forest. This led them to believe in gods as the agencies of natural phenomena, and to believe that the way to secure protection from these phenomena was to win the favor of the gods. It was in this fear of the world, and in this endeavor to live safely in the world, that religion had its origin. Religion, in other words, was in the beginning a great act in propitiation of unfriendly deities.

The second period of religion, according to Einstein, began with the development of social feelings. There came a time when men wanted not only protection, but guidance and sympathy and love. They found this, to a certain extent, in their parents and kinsmen—in the men and women with whom they associated in the world. But the connection between human beings and the surrounding universe was uncertain. Fathers and mothers were fallible; relatives and tribesmen could be treacherous. There must be some friendly spirit in the cosmos, with which man could have communion and in which he could find guidance and affection. And so he came to conceive of God as Providence—a deity who is wise and therefore can give counsel, who is a guardian of righteousness and therefore rewards and punishes, who is a father and therefore comforts and inspires. This is religion as rooted in the social feelings of man, and reaching out to moral and spiritual concepts of the divine.

It is obvious that this second development of religion is infinitely higher than the first. But it is not high enough, says Einstein, for the chosen spirits of the world. It is not yet religion in the true sense of the word. No, there must come a third period of development which Einstein finds in what he calls a "cosmic religious sense." "This is hard to make clear," he says, "to those who do not experience it, since it does not involve an anthropomorphic idea of God; the individual feels the vanity of human desires and aims, and the nobility and marvelous order which are revealed in nature and the world of thought. He feels the individual destiny as an imprisonment and seeks to experience the totality of existence as a unity full of significance." So he reaches out toward the heavens and the earth, and the mind of man, and strives to know their truth and feel their beauty. Einstein's "cosmic sense," for all its western and scientific form of expression, is not unlike the eastern idea of "cosmic consciousness." He finds it springing up on the earlier levels of religious experience, as in the Psalms of David and in the Prophets, and he emphasizes his conviction that this "cosmic sense" is particularly strong in Buddhism. As a matter of fact, says Einstein, the religious leaders of all times have been distinguished by the possession of this "cosmic sense" as a kind of insight into the heart of things. More often than not these leaders have not been concerned with creeds or dogmas, or even with the refinements of a personal

God, and have revolted from these ideas, and thus become atheists or infidels to their contemporaries. If we would see this "cosmic religious sense" in the purest personal embodiment, says Einstein, we may find it in three prominent religious heretics—one a scientist, Democritus, one a philosopher, Spinoza, and the third a saint of the highest spiritual order, St. Francis of Assisi.

Now from such an analysis as this, we can draw conclusions about the attitude of the greatest scientific mind of our time towards religion. These conclusions, as I see them, are three in number:

In the first place, Albert Einstein believes in what John Fiske called years ago "the everlasting reality of religion." He treats religion not with scoffing and contempt, but with profound respect. He traces the history of religion from its earliest beginnings in the superstitious fears of primitive man up to the cosmic consciousness of "specially gifted individuals," and in all cases finds it a genuine reality. In its farthest reaches of communion with the vast harmony of the illimitable universe, Einstein sees religion dispensing with pictorial ideas of God, with doctrines of personal salvation, with creeds and churches and rites of worship. But in essence it remains what it has always been—man's ultimate reaction upon the totality of experience. Einstein accepts religion, affirms its validity, in exactly the spirit of Professor Nathaniel Schmidt, in his recent book, "The Coming Religion," who defines religion as "man's consciousness of some power in nature determining man's destiny, and the ordering of his life in harmony with its demands." Einstein, in other words, vindicates religion as a reality of experience in our time.

In the second place, Albert Einstein is a man who has himself experienced religion. He is one of these "specially gifted individuals" who feel this "cosmic sense" as the central motive of their lives. He does not exist outside of religion, and thus view it as some detached phenomenon, like a specimen upon the dissection table. On the contrary, he exists in religion, as his body exists in air, and breathes in his vitality from its inspiration. Like the Psalmist of old, he "considers the heavens," and watches "the moon and the stars," and ponders "man, that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that thou visitest him." What can be more religious than the humility of this mathematician before the vastness of the skies, and his reverence and awe before the impenetrable mystery of being! Einstein is more than a scientist; he is one of the great mystics and seers of all the ages.

In the third place—an inevitable conclusion from all that has gone before—Albert Einstein insists that religion and science are not contradictory, but cooperative one with the other. He refuses to concede, in other words, that there is any conflict between science and religion. On the lower levels of religion, of course, there is antagonism, for science can tolerate no interference with the orderly processes of nature, and can recognize no intrusion of rewards and punishments upon man's behavior. Science can believe as little in a Christian Providence as in a Roman Jupiter or an Egyptian Ra. But cosmic religion rises far above these levels of imaginative superstition, and in its apprehension of a universe that moves in "beauteous order" through a time and space that are a single essence of reality, becomes "the strongest and noblest driving force behind scientific research." It is this "cosmic religious sense," says Einstein, that explains Kepler and Newton and all the other scientists of the last three hundred years. It is this "cosmic religious sense" that has held generations of men faithful to their scientific purposes, in spite of countless frustrations and defeats. "The only deeply religious people of our age," says Einstein, "are the earnest men of research."

Science and religion irreconcilable? On the contrary, they are friends and fellow-workers, forerunners together of

> ". . . that one, divine, far-off event
> Toward which the whole creation moves."

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

(To Be Continued)

Ten Church Leaders

IX. Rabbi Henry Cohen

(Dr. Stephen S. Wise named Rabbi Henry Cohen, Galveston, Texas, among the Ten Church Leaders of America. The following graphic sketch is from the pen of Rosella Horowitz, Galveston.—SYDNEY STRONG.)

". . . . But this man is an atheist—an anarchist."

"Yes—what of it?"

"Such speakers dare not come here and upset the minds of our citizens. Why you are a Rabbi and presi—"

"Yes—I *am* a Rabbi, and I *am* president of the Open Forum. But as long as I live, we *are* going to listen to the opinions of atheists, anarchists, humanists if nothing more than to strengthen our own opinions. They are the legitimate voices of today."

A slip of a man tightened his lips, stared straight into the eyes of his petitioners, and continued:

> If any religion, which has been taught to a person for a lifetime, can be shaken in an hour's talk over the platform, by a man whose belief is different, then that religion is not worth anything.

The group—comprised of certain clergymen and other leading members of the community, left in silence. Rabbi Henry Cohen once again wielded his influence.

This happened in the fall of 1930. To date, the snug community continues to listen to the most liberal of liberals.

But an incident which occurred more than thirty years ago had already proved the broadmindedness of the man.

A board of examiners upon asking an applicant for the Episcopal ministry as to who taught him Christology, received the shocking reply,

"Rabbi Henry Cohen of Galveston."

It so happened that Thomas J. Windham, a collector, once casually expressed his theological desires to the Rabbi.

"Then why don't you?"

"I can't—I am a working man of limited means. In fact I have already secured permission to prepare at home but am unable to buy the books." He mentioned specific volumes, including the Old and New Testament in the original Greek.

"Why I have all of these," Rabbi Cohen declared. "You are welcome to their use. Furthermore, if you want me to, I will go over the lessons with you."

Hence for months thereafter, found the two periodically in the Rabbi's library going through the work which finally lead Windham to his long cherished goal.

Not infrequently does the Christian clergyman—now gray-haired—who holds the same pulpit in Houston, Texas, to which he received his first appointment, refer with pride to his Jewish teacher—now equally gray-haired.

And it was this same broadmindedness which extended Rabbi Cohen an invitation to a banquet given while the late Cardinal Satolli visited Galveston, some years ago, as a special apostolic delegate from Rome to this country. The Rabbi was the only non-Catholic at the event at which 40 out of 44 were priests; yet the Cardinal singled him out to say the Jewish Grace in Hebrew before and after the meal.

But his religious tolerance serves only as one of the reasons why the head of such a comparatively small congregation, in a city of 54,000 inhabitants, was singled out by Rabbi Stephen S. Wise as the country's outstanding Jewish spiritual leader.

His immigration work; his prison reform crusades; his active participation in unemployment problems; his interest in orphanages, schools, hospitals; his fearless fights in behalf of the downtrodden—regardless of race, color, or creed—all these have been part and parcel of his life since he first set foot on Treasure Isle forty-three years ago.

Henry Cohen just celebrated his 68th birthday. Frail of stature. Stoop-shouldered. Slightly over five feet four in height. Yet he has wielded more power over Jew and Gentile than any other individual in the history of the community. It is not uncommon to hear him referred to as "the unofficial mayor of Galveston" —"the little Giant."

For instance, when thirty-five children of one of Galveston's orphanages were stricken with influenza and whiskey was imperative, he wired the Government that "Life is life—we must have the whiskey"—and he got it; when certain John Sealy hospital officials hesitated in accepting a woman interne, Rabbi Cohen said "yes"—and the application was favored; when three boys were arrested for stealing, he pled before the Judge that they were victims of circumstance—and they were released.

It was through his encouragement that the late Jacob Schiff, New York multimillionaire, gave $500,000 for immigration-welfare work to be carried on from the Galveston port. It was because of his sympathy for prisoners that the former Governor Dan Moody appointed him a member of the Texas State Prison Board—a post which he held until recently.

Neither were they empty honors which made him president of the Lasker Home for Homeless Children; vice-president of the Adoue Seamen's Bethel—a sailor's organization; president of the Texas Historical Society of Galveston, chairman of the home service section of the American Red Cross. . . .

Implicit faith in Mankind. . . . Work. . . . Tireless Work. . . . Continued optimism . . . and above all—Sincerity . . . can be read between each line

Is it any wonder then that the late President Wilson singled him out as the "foremost citizen of Texas"? Is it any wonder that Dr. Wise, in naming him remarked:

> I feel that Rabbi Henry Cohen has come to have such a fine influence in a large section of the country, he should be named. . . . Men may be distinguished, but fame and inward spiritual power are different things. . . . ?

The birthplace of the rabbi is London, the date of birth April 7, 1863. He received his education at Jews' Hospital, Lower Norwood, London, subsequently attending evening classes at the Jews College. He was ordained as rabbi in 1884. His first year's pastorate was at Kingston, Jamaica, British West Indies. The next three he spent at Woodville, Miss.

In 1888, he came to Galveston to head Temple B'nai Israel. Nine months later he married a local girl, Milly Levy—"my greatest inspiration without whom my work could never have gone on," he says of her.

Immediately upon his arrival he entered upon a career similar to that of Jeremiah of old, becoming a "prophet unto nations . . . . to build up and to plant." The sick, the suffering, the needy became his wards. Hospitals, schools, orphanages, and prisons began to anticipate his almost daily visits which he made on a bicycle. In fact, it was only at the age of 50 that a member of his congregation surprised him with an automobile.

"It was not necessary," he replied upon presentation. "I can get along with my bicycle just as well." He found pleasure in the conveyance only upon realizing that he could get around so much more quickly—that the notations on his shirt-sleeve cuffs could be attended to so much more rapidly.

Laundries have no need to tag Rabbi Cohen's shirts. They write for themselves. Each morning finds his cuffs heavily penciled with markings of the tasks which lie before him. As he completes a duty he draws a line through the notation. If a task remains unfinished at the close of the day, he makes a memorandum of it on the shirt he is to wear on the morrow.

However, his finest efforts can never be tabulated in cold print. They are nourished in the everlasting and unrecorded gratitude of those he has aided: the widows whom he made financially independent, the boys and girls whom he provided with college educations, the men and women whose doctor bills he paid and so on *ad infinitum.*

One of his earliest interests was the immigration problem. Through Mr. Schiff's fund and Order B'nai Brith cooperation, he assisted in distributing the newcomers who arrived at the local port among the less populated areas of the South and West, provided them, at the same time, with means for a livelihood.

He was also a factor in transporting many poor families from the New York slums to various regions in the South. Today their names figure prominently in civic, financial and social activities in their respective communities.

It was with great sorrow that he abandoned the greater part of this work when the immigration laws went into effect. But he still has deportation problems to contend with.

For instance, several years ago the Government

was on the verge of returning a man who had slipped into this country without a passport. His reputation was good and he had already saved enough money to bring over his wife and two children. To return meant misery. But law is law and despite Dr. Cohen's efforts with the immigration officials here, the man was doomed to go back. The rabbi could not rest. Finally at his own expense he went to Washington. He gained the necessary audience and pleaded the case in behalf of the alien. He pleaded for five minutes, seven, ten. During the entire period the high Government executive continued to hold his hand on the desk bell in preparation to dismiss him. But Henry Cohen refused to waver and continued pointing out the plight of this alien.

Finally, the executive glanced up and staring straight at this slip of a man before him, announced somewhat impatiently:

"You are a rabbi, are you not?"

"Yes."

"Then isn't it only natural for you to take care of your flock, to take an interest in their problems?"

"Yes, of course. If I shouldn't, who will, but—"

"I thought so, "came back the answer as he proceeded to ring the bell.

"But wait," the rabbi broke in. "This man happens to be a Greek Catholic. While I am a Jew, I am interested in all humanity — regardless of creed. There is no such thing as a Jewish misery, a Catholic misery. Creed is one thing and suffering is another."

The executive was stunned. Rabbi Cohen had won his case.

Another "first love" was his work in behalf of prison reform, crusading for schools to equip the prisoners with some sort of trade for earning an honest living when released.

Although he gave up his formal membership on the Prison Board, he never fails to rally aid for a worthy case. Furthermore, he has even said:

> Some day I shall give up my position as rabbi and devote the rest of my days to prison welfare. The more I come in contact with these unfortunate men and women, the more strengthened my faith in mankind becomes. Are we not all but victims of circumstance? The least we can do is to give them a decent opportunity.

Though the days have merged into months and the months into years, youth continues to live in the resiliency of Rabbi Cohen's step, in that sparkle in his eye. The same love for mankind and enthusiasm for his work animates him today as it did two score years ago. Only the stoop of his shoulders is mute evidence of the burdens he has carried for others and the worries he has helped them overcome.

Take, for instance, the current unemployment problem. He personally appeared before the open meeting of the Board of Commissioners in the fall of 1930, secured a room in the city hall; acquired the volunteer service of a few influential women, and established a free-for-all employment bureau. More than one hundred persons now owe temporary or permanent jobs—ranging from gardeners to secretaries—to the endeavors of this agency.

Several months ago, Dr. William Keiller, professor of anatomy for forty years at the University of Texas Medical School, at one time its dean, and who ranked as the outstanding anatomist of this country, passed away.

Two University presidents; the Dean of the Medical College; scores of other white-haired dignitaries in the field of medicine and science; colleagues and students who had listened to him lecture but a few days ago—several hundred or more—gathered to pay their final respects to the seventy-year-old man who had been connected with the medical college since its inception, and by virtue of whose teachings and research the Medical College strode to the front ranks of such institutions.

Only one bowed figure stood near the flower-banked bier.

The wishes of Dr. Keiller—a Protestant—had been fulfilled. Rabbi Cohen rendered the services.

In a voice deeply touched with feeling, the Patriarch told how this great scientist, in their frequent discussions together, concurred with him in the belief of a Supreme Being and in the conviction that true science and real religion never clashed.

> William Keiller needs no eulogy (the Rabbi declared). His life is an eulogy in itself. . . . There should be no tears today; for he has taken on immortality. And those of us who firmly believe that "as we live so shall our achievements live after us" are convinced that his work and his accomplishments shall live on forever. . . . He was a scientist and a God fearing man. To him science and religion complemented each other.

A few more words followed, concluding with:

> I pray and hope that when these hands of ours are pulseless, when we are enshrouded in our eternal resting place, that we shall leave as clean a record and as virtuous a chronicle as did William Keiller.

Those assembled anticipated a lengthy discourse telling of the life, pursuits, and accomplishments of this venerable personage. But instead the tribute hardly took ten minutes. A few moments elapsed. No one stirred. Then the homagers filed out mutely. Truly an elegy in prose had just been uttered. Long will those words linger in their memory.

Simplicity is the Rabbi's cardinal doctrine—in his work—for himself—for others.

On May 31, 1924, the Hebrew Union College conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Hebrew Law, with the inscription reading as follows:

> In recognition of forty years of devoted service as rabbi, as loyal champion by word and deed of the spirit and principles of Judaism, as unfailing, self-sacrificing friend of the needy, and as true servant of the Lord, whose life is a joy and inspiration to his brethren.

Three years ago, when he completed his forty years of service in Galveston, his congregation dedicated to him a $100,000 community center, adjoining the temple. Here the Sunday School classes meet, the different social functions are held, and the various organizations gather, including the Open Forum. The "center" was the crystallization of a dream which he cherished for many years.

At the dedication, Dr. H. J. Ettlinger, professor of mathematics at the University of Texas, figuratively conferred upon him the degree of "master of architecture of human souls." Ovation after ovation followed by men of all creeds, of all walks of life. It was here that the honoree arose and gave his reasons for the need of Judaism:

> So long as national and international warfare continues, so long as people Lord it over their neighbors, so long as intolerance, persecution and the dominance of might over right rule the land, the world has need of Judaism and Judaism *must* survive.

Then he continued:

> Too much has been said about me. Too little about the community of which I am a part. Without its generous aid I could have done nothing.
>
> This building is only in part for me. I am only the halfway house. I pass it on to you. Your children will be the

defenders of the citadel that has stood so long—the defenders of Judaism.

It was another simple talk at one of the great moments in his life.

His various philanthropic interests are carried on with funds he receives from congregation members and outside friends. He never tells them for what the money goes. Nor do they ask. Money which he derives from weddings and other social functions likewise enters this special fund. He accepts no fees for private use.

"My congregation pays me sufficient salary," he has frequently remarked. Incidentally, ten per cent of his income also goes to charity. Should the funds for his philanthropic interests run low, he calls on a few of his "standbys." Be it $50 or a $1,000, he is never refused.

I want to end my days in Galveston (he has frequently remarked). I want to continue serving my fellowmen regardless of race, color, or creed just as I have always striven to do in accordance with the ethics of our Bible. Men are men the world over. They need spiritual guidance here as elsewhere.

Dr. Cohen knows the skeleton in every family's closet. But it'll never rattle as a result of his lips.

Summers see him dashing off to the Universities of Chicago, or Colorado. He reads prolifically, including such heterodox volumes as Bertrand Russell's "Marriage and Morals," as Harry Elmer Barnes's "The Twilight of Christianity."

"We must not close our minds in like the ancient Chinese," he explained. "While we may not agree with the preferences of others, to condemn those who hold these preferences is pure prejudice. From the cradle to the grave a broad outlook is the desideratum."

Among his other interests as reflected by the positions he holds or has held are:

Former member of the advisory board of governors of the Hebrew Union College of Cincinnati; honorary vice-president of the Jewish Publication Society of America; member of the Texas State Federation of American Hebrew Congregations; member of the council of direction of the Immigrant Publication Society; supervisor of District No. 18 of the Synagogue and School Extension work of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations; member, executive council of the American Jewish Historical Society; member of the American Oriental Society; member advisory council of the Library of Southern Literature of Atlanta, Ga.; past president and member of the Galveston Lodge of Independent Order of B'nai Brith; honorary vice-president of the Jewish Publication Society and in the directorate of a number of other national Jewish organizations.

He is the author of numerous literary works, including "Talmudic Sayings," "Prayer in Bible and Talmud" (translated from the German), "Hygiene and Medicine of the Talmud" and contributions to the Jewish encyclopedia.

Rabbi and Mrs. Cohen have two children, a son who is engaged in newspaper work, and a daughter who is the wife of Rabbi Ephraim Frisch of San Antonio.

Vacations? Rest? Leisure? They are words unknown in his vocabulary.

Yes—this venerable Rabbi is truly living up to the teachings of that great prophet Micah:

For he *does* justice, he *loves* mercy, and walks *humbly* with God.

ROSELLA HOROWITZ.

Trumpets on New Horizons

Re-Creation

Like the whitecaps and their skipping,
Like the tide that moans and sings,
Like the seagulls' wayward dipping
Upon fleet and roving wings.
Like the ocean's moody madness,
When the wind sweeps down the sky,
Like the tender touch of evening
When the grasses seem to sigh.
So my heart, unbound from prison
Feels the call of sky and sod,
Feels the joy of all creation
As it gently whispers, God.

MADELINE F. DYER

The Ways of the Gods

In ancient times the hungry gods,
Imaged in wood or stone,
Enjoyed a living sacrifice
Of human flesh or bone.

Today the gods, more subtle, lurk
Where wheels and motors roar,
Though still the living sacrifice
Is offered as before.

STANTON A. COBLENTZ

Perfection

I swept my house of life and garnished it,
I looked it through with care,
For fear my thought might miss some imp of sin
Crouched low and hiding there.

But all was clean and clear, as empty as
A hollow globe of glass.
I smiled, and turned me to my windows wide
Watching the weary pass.

But never once did I desire to shield,
From sun or wind or rain,
One soul. Or ask one in to rest, and wash
All free from travel-stain.

Time passed. Again I searched my house with care,
Feeling secure from sin.
Of spirits worse than all I'd known before,
Lo, Eight had entered in!

RUTH FARGO

Beaten

Men . . . Men . . .
Hundreds upon hundreds
Of beaten, desolate men.

Men alone and afraid
Lost in a merciless sea.

Eyes that leer
From sullen faces;
Mere boys in rags,
Made aware that hunger gnaws.

Men with bodies doomed
Brains warped
And craven souls that cringe.

Old grizzled men,
Too grim to whine,
Age knows—
It is not long.

Men . . . Men . . .
Hundreds upon hundreds
Of beaten, desolate men.

JEANNETTE SLOCOMB EDWARDS

Thoughts of Tolstoy

[*Selections from Tolstoy's "Readings for Every Day," here published for the first time in English*]

LXVII

1.

"Better a pot of cabbage soup, and be my own master." A good proverb, we should keep to it.

2.

To indulge the body beyond the satisfaction of its needs, to intensify its pleasure, is always a great mistake, because to intensify pleasure always weakens a man's capacity to feel pleasure.

3.

You begin to ride where you could go on foot, and your legs grow weak so that it is harder to walk when there is no horse; you become accustomed to a soft bed, to delicate, rich food, to luxurious furnishings in the house, accustomed to make others do what you could do for yourself. And just the same in everything: the more you lose the habit of simplicity —the more you weaken yourself and the more you decrease, rather than increase, joy and peace and liberty.

4.

That many men of our day think human life lies only in serving the body is apparent from the fact that the teaching of socialism, so widely disseminated, and considered to be the most advanced teaching, affirms in the most decided way that a life of few needs, a poor life, is a brutish life; and that an increase in needs is the first and the true sign of a man's education, of his recognition of his own human dignity. Men of our day believe so firmly in this strange teaching that they only scoff at those sages of ancient and modern times, who saw the welfare of man in the reduction of his needs.

5.

The sin of serving the body accustoms men to the superfluous, and the superfluous is always harmful.

6.

If a man has placed his life in physical pleasures and cannot get what he wants, he tries to deceive himself, to put himself in a position where it seems to him that he has what he wants: he stupefies himself with tobacco, wine, opium.

7.

Instead of trying to subject the body to the spirit, men have thought up means of weakening the spirit so that the body might subdue it, through stupefying poisons—tobacco, alcohol, opium.

LXVIII

1.

"Honest labor won't earn marble halls." "Labor makes you hunchbacked, but it won't make you rich."

And these proverbs do not miss their point. All great riches are gained not by labor, but by evil deeds. And for a conscientious man wealth is a burden and not a joy. Great riches do not pass men into the kingdom of God.

2.

The life of rich men, who are freed from labor cannot fail to be mad. People who do not work, that is, who do not fulfil one of the laws of life for all men, cannot fail to run wild. Just as domestic animals—horses, dogs and pigs—run wild when they are overfed.

3.

Men can live by plunder, or by alms, or by labor. Those who live by labor are clearly to be seen, and those who live by alms are just as apparent, only the plunderers cannot all be seen at once. The majority of them pretend to be workers.

4.

If a man lives a spiritual life, riches are not only unnecessary to him, but are a hindrance in his life.

5.

Men who base their life on the oppression of their neighbor, as is the case with all rich men, cannot be merciful.

LXIX

1.

Labor ennobles a man. It is impossible to respect an idler. Hence rich and idle men take such pains to throw dust in the eyes of others by their luxury. They feel that were it not for this everyone would despise them more than any beggar.

2.

The fulfilment of the law of labor can only be avoided through sin: either through the sin of violence or through the sin of falsehood, flattery, deceit.

3.

Man lives both a physical and a spiritual life. And there is a law of the physical as well as of the spiritual life of man. The law of physical life is labor; the law of the spiritual life, love. If a man has broken the law of physical life—the law of labor—he will inevitably break the spiritual law of life.

4.

If I receive pay for my labor from others, I can never truly know whether my labor is worth the pay I receive. I sit in a court-room or in chambers, I play the violin, I write a book, and I receive a hundred, a thousand times more than the worker for his fourteen hours of labor. I cannot help asking myself, "Well, am I worth such pay?" And therefore, to keep from falling into error, try to work as hard as possible and take as little as possible for your labor.

5.

Walk about a great city and look at what is being sold in the best shops. All this is obtained by the hard and often harmful labor of millions of workers, and they are all things we can do without. If only men understood all the harm they do by demanding these things!

6.

A monk went into retreat in the desert. He said prayers without ceasing, and twice in the night he rose up to pray. A peasant brought him food. And a doubt fell upon him as to whether this life of his were good; so he went to an elder monk to take council. He came to the elder and told him about his life, about how he prayed and in what words, how he rose up in the night, and how he was fed by alms. And he asked whether in this he did well.

"All this is well," said the elder. "But go and see how this peasant lives who brings you food. Perhaps you will learn something from him."

The monk went to the peasant and passed a day and a night with him. The peasant, rising early in the morning, said only "Lord," then went to work and plowed all day long. At night-fall he returned home, and when he lay down to sleep, for the second time he said "Lord."

And so the monk saw how the peasant lived. "Nothing for me to learn here," he thought, and he wondered why the elder monk had sent him to the peasant.

He returned to the elder and told him everything —how he had been with the peasant, and how he could find nothing to learn there.

"He does not think of God and only twice a day does he remember him to speak his name."

Then the elder monk said, "Take this bowl full of oil, go twice round the village and return. But take care that not a drop of oil be spilt upon the ground."

The monk did as he was told and when he returned the elder asked, "Tell me, how many times did you remember God, while you were carrying the bowl?"

The monk admitted that he had not once remembered. "I was only thinking," he said, "how to keep from spilling the oil."

And the elder said, "You were so busy just with this bowl of oil that you never once thought of God. The peasant feeds himself and his family and you by his labor and care—yet twice a day he remembers God."

(To be continued)

Kaleidoscope

Lincoln's birthday, and the air was filled with hints of spring!

All winter, green patches had persisted in the lawns, and tufts of tender green leaves pushed their way through their covering of brown autumn leaves.

Lake Michigan, like shimmering turquoise, melted —one could scarcely tell where—into a turquoise sky. Not a cloud, or white-cap, marred the blue.

On the breakwater a man was sharply silhouetted against the sky. Motionless, he faced the East. A lone fisherman? Surely, a sign of spring! Yes, the first sign, but others quickly followed.

A rag-picker laboriously made his way over the rough stones and piles of débris, stopping, now and then, to lift bits of paper or cloth on his pointed stick; to gather old pots, pans, or what-not, which he transferred to the pack upon his back. Once or twice, his bent body straightened: he set his pack upon the ground and a cheerfulness seemed to pervade his whole body as he stooped, removed something from the refuse and quickly put it in his pocket. Was it a nickel, a dime, a quarter, or only a half-smoked cigar or cigarette? At any rate, this forlorn, hopeless looking creature seemed—for the instant—almost a man.

Along the rock-wall, two men approached—talking eagerly and gesticulating. Neither wore a coat; one was dressed in a loose blue suit and tan sweater; the other in yellow khaki trousers and orange sweater. Ah, a blue-bird and an oriole, settling their disputes!

A sound of merry laughter! Half a dozen young girls tripped along the broad walk, chattering like magpies. Their coats upon their arms, or flapping open, they seemed a cluster of spring flowers in their frocks or sweaters of yellow, blue and rose. But why those wistful glances over their shoulders, which punctuated their merry talk?

That question was soon answered. Fifty paces perhaps, in the rear, was a young girl with five boys—her blond hair kissing her face as she danced along. Each boy regarded her with admiring glances and, in boyish way, tried to snatch her green tam o' shanter from her hand. Sometimes, it was wrested from her and tossed into the air, when there ensued a mad scramble and shrieks of laughter. Then the group of girls shrugged their shoulders and hastened their steps. But once, the tam fell upon the road and barely escaped being crushed by an automobile; then came a moment of tense silence and the girls stopped and looked back, enviously, toward the favorite.

Crowds of small boys, revelling in their freedom from school, raced noisily along the rocky shore—caps in hands, or frankly hatless—jumping over obstacles or, ruefully, picking themselves up after a stumble.

Men sat about, reading newspapers, which they passed from hand to hand, or quietly smoking their pipes. Surely their faces bore an unwonted look of cheerfulness.

A long line of automobiles passed, to and fro, along the road to the Planetarium and before—and all around the Aquarium and Museum, they were as thick as bees around a honey-pot. Were they new? Were they freshly painted? They had such a debonair appearance: the magic of spring, perhaps.

From these buildings scores of children emerged, with a hop, skip and a jump, taking the steps two or three at a time with mad halloing. An occasional man or woman mingled with this knowledge-seeking crowd, and even they seemed touched with the contagion of youth—or was it spring!

And then the dull, drab city, where one can scarcely differentiate between a grey day, or a sunny one, winter or spring!

Now, just three weeks later, as I look, from the steamer, to the shore of England and the strip of troubled grey green water which separates us, my mind goes back to that short eight minutes along the Outer Drive which gave an early glimpse of spring. I wonder if that promise is being fulfilled or if Chicago is now inert under heavy drifts of snow or has—perchance, the miracle of my childhood come to pass? Has the snow fallen softly, steadily; is every lawn a glistening white blanket; is every tree and shrub lightly covered with gleaming snow; is every park and garden a "thing of beauty and a joy for"—the time being? Is every onlooker filled with awe and almost surfeited with beauty?

H. S. N.

The Study Table

The Spirit of India

It is long since we have read so superb an example of illuminating exposition as this book,* by a distinguished Indian scholar, in the Vedic philosophy of his country. The Veda, of course, is at bottom not merely a philosophy but a religion, at once a view and a discipline of life. Its essence has all the profundity as well as beauty characteristic of the Eastern mind, and a certain "outlook," so to speak, which is far removed from the native experience of the West. Nothing can be conceived more difficult, therefore, than the presentation of this heart of the Orient to the understanding of the Occident. Yet Pandit Chatterji, moving to his task with a knowledge commensurate with his reverence, has achieved a marvellous success. Professor Dewey is well within the limits of sober truth when he declares that "nowhere will the reader and student find available such a comprehensive and clear account set forth by competent authority."

Pandit Chatterji succeeds, first of all, perhaps, through his sympathetic appreciation of the Western as well as of the Eastern mind. He knows our literature, and finds in it the contacts with his own. Thus, the text of this volume is a well-chosen selection from Emerson's "The Over-Soul," which is matched in turn by one of the noblest pages from Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus." In the text appears a famous quotation from Browning's "Paracelsus"; and references to parallels between Eastern and Western thought are not infrequent. Best of all, Pandit Chatterji has mastered our tongue—he writes Saxon and not Vedic English! Ultimate spiritual concepts are stated with unvarying precision and clarity. Mystical yet never mystifying, profound but not perplexing, this teacher always makes his meaning plain, and thus leads in ways wherein we may safely follow.

But, of course, the real secret of Pandit Chatterji's success as an interpretor is his own easy and sure command of the secrets of the Vedic faith. He knows the truth which he would teach—has himself sounded the depths which he would have us measure. From the opening pages of his statement of that power which controls and directs the movements of the universe and "makes them dwell diversely," to his closing description of that discipline, or practise, which the faithful student imposes upon himself as the condition of entrance upon the path of Yoga which leads the soul of man to its "final goal," there is a simplicity of style, as well as a lucid accuracy of thought, which is always sheer delight. One reads this volume interpreting the secrets of one of the profoundest philosophies of the world, as one listens to an orchestra lead by a great conductor through the score of some immortal symphony.

It is a happy circumstance that this book appears at just this time, when India is in the forefront of the world's attention. At the moment we are thinking of this country in terms political. Here is an impressive reminder that the land and its people must be understood fundamentally in terms spiritual. After reading these pages, one no longer feels wonder that the leader of India's destiny in this fateful hour of world history is a "Mahatma"!

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

*"India's Outlook on Life," by J. C. Chatterji, with an introduction by John Dewey. Published by the Kailas Press, New York.

"The Negro in American Civilization"*

Some day the world will recognize a great race—whether it be black or white; a great Washington—whether he be a George or a Booker T. But conditioning the arrival of this goal is *sympathetic racial understanding,* factually—not sentimentally—based. Numerous studies have been made by many organizations, but heretofore the results have not been integrated nor made available for the general student, much less the public. So sixteen national organizations engaged in the study of inter-racial matters decided to hold a conference for the purpose of correlating and extending the studies. Moreover, new information was needed. Seeing the religious significance of such studies, the Commission on the Church and Race Relations of the Federal Council of Churches cooperated in indispensable ways. George E. Haynes was made secretary of the executive committee and Charles S. Johnson was chosen to analyze and synthesize available data. Thus this volume resulted.

The chief value of the study is in the revelation of trends. Better understanding is on the way. The author is to be commended for his moderation. There is a minimum of exciting data though much such could be found. But the study does show that white workers are frankly paid more for the same work than Negro workers, especially in the south; that there are three times as many children among Negro workers as among whites; and that while there is one hospital bed for every 139 of the general population, there is only one bed for every 1941 of the Negro population. Also, on the positive side the study shows that no evidence exists to support the current superstition that the Negro is racially susceptible to diseases, or racially incapable of education, or racially apt to violate the law.

Because of its mass of pertinent statistics "The Negro in American Civilization" is invaluable, and despite this it is readable.

CURTIS W. REESE.

Herr Feuchtwanger Again

Here is a novel** that is in effect a commentary on post-war justice the world over. Early in his story the author makes clear the direction of his narrative. He looks at the countries recently at war. In Italy he finds, "supporters of the dictatorship in power were acquitted in spite of murders"; in France there are, "officers in the Rhine Army of Occupation acquitted after murdering German subjects; while Parisian Communists, arrested during a riot, were sent to several years' imprisonment for unproven offences." And then turning to America—"members of a patriotic club who had lynched innocent negroes were set free; while Italian immigrant radicals were sent to the electric chair ostensibly for murder in spite of creditable alibis brought forward by witnesses from a large town." Out of these travesties came this long novel of Germany, particularly Munich, in those hideous years immediately following the Great Debacle.

It may be argued that Feuchtwanger's latest vol-

*The Negro in American Civilization. Published by Henry Holt & Company. By Charles S. Johnson.

**Success—Lion Feuchtwanger. Viking Press, $3.00.

ume does not show all the quality of "The Ugly Duchess" and "Power." None the less it is one of the distinguished books of the year just closed.

Not in one sense a historical novel "Success" is much concerned with historical detail. The author tells his readers that, "he does not present photographically *real*, but rather historically *typical* figures." How he has been successful in gathering details for his story is to be wondered at. And yet these details are woven in a manner typical to the popular German.

Martin Kruger, Director of the National Gallery, is accused and convicted of perjury. His offense came in connection with his evidence relating to the suicide of a certain woman painter. The case against him was weak, but what was evidence in 1921-22? Even the daring testimony of his mistress, Johanna Krain, was not enough to win him an acquital. He went to jail. Immediately Johanna summoned every possibility to free her lover. Nothing availed. Her life was dedicated to the one end—that Martin Kruger should be a free man. Finally the release came, but how? Not because justice must have its way or because Johanna was successful. An American businessman took a fancy to a popular song with the result that Kruger incidentally found himself outside of prison walls. The irony of the author finds its best expression in this outcome of the struggle of many distracted minds. But such was justice in those bleak years.

The finish of the book is in the manner with which Feuchtwanger relates this single instance of injustice to the larger circle in which it happens. His study, his dissection better, of motives is a thing of insight. All in all it is a book that ought to be read widely.

RAYMOND B. BRAGG.

Correspondence

Why Not Soviet Goods in U. S.?

Editor of UNITY:

There are some curious features about the campaign to shut Soviet goods out of the United States.

Before imprisonment for debt was abolished in England, a rumor of a French invasion once threw the whole country into excitement. An imprisoned debtor was talking through the bars of his window with a street beggar and a soldier who was considerably more than "half seas over."

"If the French effect a landing on British soil, what will become of our liberties?" cried the imprisoned debtor.

"Yes, and of our property?" echoed the tattered beggar.

"Oh, d——n our liberty and our property!" vociferated the drunken soldier, "what will become of our religion?"

We used to tell this story when the liquor interests opposed woman suffrage on the plea that it would destroy "the happiness of the home." It is recalled again irresistibly now. Deep concern for the freedom and welfare of the men who cut timber—in Russia—is expressed by our lumber barons, with their long record of oppression of our own lumberjacks, and with the Centralia victims still in prison in the State of Washington. The alleged coercion of labor in Russia is denounced by other groups of men who are always ready to resort to labor injunctions and to call in government coercion to help them break strikes. And the Pope deplores the lack of religious freedom in Russia, while he rebukes Mussolini for letting Protestants make proselytes in Rome.

There are features of the Soviet policy which deserve strong condemnation, and some of the indignation expressed is genuine; but much of it is as bare-faced humbug as the solicitude of the liquor interest for the happiness of the home.

Boston, Mass. ALICE STONE BLACKWELL.

From Tom Mooney

Editor of UNITY:

I am writing from an old stone cell shaped like a covered wagon; with a solid steel door double-barred and double-locked. It is cold—the cold eats into the marrow of my bones—the walls are damp—the light is poor—the ventilation is inadequate—a veritable tomb that has never known heat. The prison authorities are antagonistic, especially since I called upon California voters to defeat former Governor Young at the state primary. He was afraid to pardon me, and when I denounced his cowardice I was removed from work which I had earned by seniority and given a most irksome task. I would lose my few remaining privileges if the prison officials did not fear the protests of my loyal friends.

I have paid dearly for my efforts to improve the working and living conditions of the wage earners. But I have no regrets. For fifteen agonizing years I have fought an unyielding battle. I am not discouraged or disheartened. My convictions have not changed. I have never felt more determined or more unflinching. But to carry on the fight for better conditions in the world as well as my own fight for freedom I need your help.

Certain truckling "labor leaders"—more anxious to hold appointive political jobs than to aid the cause of the workers—recently disrupted my Defense Committee, tied up my funds and actually kept from me certain vital records. This was done after I had spent more than $9,000 to bring about the hearing of Warren Billings before the California Supreme Court. Now I am approaching the presentation of my own application for pardon before the new Governor—James Rolph, Jr.—almost without funds.

The recent decision of the California Supreme Court—which denied me a pardon without allowing me to be heard in my own behalf—is a challenge to every lover of liberty and justice in the world. Originally I was convicted on perjured testimony. After fifteen years behind the bars for a crime which I did not commit, I was not allowed to expose those falsehoods. My only hope of ever gaining freedom is to get the truth about my shameful frame-up before the voters of California. This takes time—it also requires money.

I am now preparing another pamphlet which will expose the whole amazing inside story of the corrupt conspiracy which railroaded me to jail. I want it to get world-wide distribution. But I cannot do this unless my friends help me.

I implore you not to forget what I have endured these past fifteen years. Use your imagination. Try to picture what it means for an innocent man to be buried in prison for fifteen years. And to a man behind bars every week seems like a month—every month a year.

Please don't lay aside this personal appeal and forget me. Won't you mail a substantial contribution to my Defense Committee? Money is needed desperately—and needed *now*. Without your aid I am not only helpless but hopeless.

With deepest appreciation of your continued interest, I remain TOM MOONEY 31921.

P. S.—Please make checks payable to Tom Mooney Molder's Defense Committee, P. O. Box 1475-X, San Francisco, California.

India

Editor of UNITY:

Please find enclosed a money order for the renewal of my subscription to UNITY for the year 1931.

I want to thank UNITY for the zeal and sincerity with which it is espousing the cause of India and the wonderful work it is doing in spreading correct information about Indian affairs and the present struggle for independence. There is no other paper, unless it be *The World Tomorrow*, which evinces such a genuine interest in and displays such profound sympathy for the cause of India as UNITY. The future historian of India will not fail to include in his history UNITY and its intensely human and cosmopolitan Editor as the most zealous and ardent workers and champions of Indian freedom. Jabez T. Sunderland and John Haynes Holmes elicit the deepest respect of all Indian patriots and will long be remembered by the Indian people.

Salt Lake City, Utah. DALJIT SINGH SADHARIA.

The Field

(*Continued from page* 66)

Journal and also lecturing. When we became better acquainted and came to know of her plans for the future, it was difficult to believe that her ambition was turned to a profession almost untried by women. She desired to become a preacher and was already a student of theology.

It must be remembered that at that early day the careers of independent women were almost entirely restricted to the teaching profession. There were but few trained nurses, no social workers such as we have today, a very few women had been able to enter the medical profession after many trials and difficulties, women lawyers were unknown and a woman preacher was almost unheard of. The college woman was considered a very daring and unnatural innovator and such as there were, were generally of the unmistakably severe and blue-stocking type.

And now here was our charming, winning friend determined to become a minister. It was indeed a most daring experiment.

But she dared and persevered and won a great career. Her life was henceforth devoted to the cause of woman's advancement in every field and she became a champion of liberation and progress for men as well, in education, in political life, in social purity and reform; in many causes and notably for peace in her later years.

Her name has become a familiar one in every endeavor for moral progress but never has she been a fanatic, pinning her faith to one single reform as a solution for all social problems.

Wise and tolerant in her outlook she had a deep faith in the moral worth of all human beings; liberal in her religious faith she was broad enough to include all denominations and work with all sects in pursuit of great causes. Ordained as a Unitarian minister in 1891 she soon became absorbed in ministerial work.

Soon after she was married I was fortunate enough to meet her again and to become acquainted also with her husband, William Spencer, a big manly person whose fineness was apparent in his relations to his wife and in his professional duties. Together they worked in small churches at Haverhill and Florence, Mass., and in Troy, N. Y.

Then she was called to a Unitarian pulpit to be the sole minister, and for many years she was the beloved pastor of Bell St. Chapel in Providence. Soon she became known as a powerful speaker and was much in demand in support of all the causes that were then striving for recognition, suffrage, social purity, hygiene, education, etc.

Her frail physique and delicate appearance seemed unequal to the demands made by her profession but she never failed to meet her engagements and developed remarkable oratorical power, a voice of great clearness and strength. When colored by emotion and carried away by conviction, her delivery rose to eloquent persuasiveness. Her intellectual grasp and careful analysis of her subject appealed to the mental power of her hearers, while the idealistic treatment of her topic and her optimistic outlook stirred their imagination to noble impulses.

I need hardly rehearse the long list of her interests or of her services to great causes, to which she was unselfishly devoted during her long life.

At the Bell Street Chapel she remained for many years as the beloved leader, at the same time giving herself to all kinds of public work. Many were the points of contact with progressive movements, innumerable the persons she influenced by her wisdom, her practical common sense, her spiritual insight.

We in the Ethical Movement were fortunate in having her with us as a leader for some years and her interest in and devotion to this cause never grew weak or faltered.

She was always sympathetically inclined to the younger generation and, with a most generous spirit free from intolerance, interpreted many of the phenomena of the new values of modern youth in an optimistic vein, appreciating, helping and encouraging instead of being led merely to criticize and condemn as has been the practice of many of the older generation.

Most unusual and remarkable was the combination in her of gracious, tender womanliness coupled with strenuous mental effort and public service. In all her career, despite her absorption in social causes, her manifold engagements and public appearances, no private duty was ever neglected. Her home fires were always carefully tended. She was a patient and self-sacrificing mother and wife, a tender, devoted sister. During the long years of his severe illness she was ever at her husband's side, a constant companion and nurse.

She was always surrounded by troops of friends—her days were full of kindly attentions to those dependent on her for cheer and sunshine, she quickened the sense of higher interests and responsibilities in both the young and the old.

In these latter years it appeared as if she had been constantly gaining instead of losing her powers. When her subject was Peace she grew in stature. Her wonderful voice seemed to ring out as if welling up from a deep, living reservoir. At the dinner to General Smuts a little over a year ago there was no speaker whose words showed greater power and clearness than did hers in the cause of world unity and peace. At the luncheon to Jane Addams only a few weeks ago when we were privileged for the last time to hear her voice, she sounded the highest note, she called on all to devote themselves to the great causes she had lived for. She has left with us an undying legacy of idealism and unselfish dedication to the highest impulses of humanity.

End War!

Einstein says:

"If you can get only 2% of the Population to assert in time of peace they will not fight, you will end war."

To promote this idea, *2% Buttons* have been made. They are of white background, and carrying *2%* in gold letters. Size, three-quarter inch. They are to be worn.

The Button means, 1—No Conscription. 2—Refusal to have part in war.

For buttons send to War Resisters' League, 171 West 12th St. Fellowship of Reconciliation, Bible House. Women's Peace Society, 20 Vesey Street, New York City.

Price: 4 for 25c. 20 for $1. 100 for $4. 500 for $15. 1,000 for $25, Postpaid.

Books Received

Asher & Company, Calcutta.
Political Philosophy of Rabindranath.—By Sochin Sen, M.A., B.L.

E. P. Dutton & Company, New York.
Apache.—By Will Levington Comfort.
Artists in Strings.—By Kathleen Haddon.

The Key Book Publishers, Inc., Claremont, Cal.
Russian Dance of Death.—By Dirk Gora.

Alfred A. Knopf, New York.
A Refutation of the War Guilt Thesis.—By Alfred Van Wegerer.

Meador Publishing Co., Boston.
One Job for Price.—By Frank Holmes.

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Introduction by John Haynes Holmes
Nathaniel Peffer, author of China: The Collapse of a Civilization, says: Julia Ellsworth Ford makes in "Consequences" a powerful statement of the case of the Eastern peoples against Western greed and exploitation. She makes a powerful statement of the bitter truth of the opium evil, originally foisted on China by the white man for money profit. If the novel form will lead to a wider reading and appreciation of these truths, Mrs. Ford will have done a great service.
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